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ADMIRAL VERNON'S

G H O S T;

BEING

A full true and particular Account

AS HOW

A WARLIKE APPARITION

appeared last Week to the AUTHOR,

Clad *all* in Scarlet,

And discoursed to him concerning the Present State of  
Affairs.



Printed for E. Smith, in *Holborn*.



# Admiral *VERNON*'s G H O S T.

**S**itting down to read the other night  
I accidentally look'd on some pieces  
relating to our glorious Admiral *Vernon*,  
and continued greedily devouring it even  
till the solemn Clock had struck one.

And now the time for *Bedfordshire* drew on  
Now the cloyster'd bat had ta'en her flight  
And to black *Hecate*'s summons  
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hum  
Had rung night's yawning peal"----

When going to extinguish my Candle,  
and seeing the alteration of the Colour of  
its flame, I could not help saying,

"How blew this taper burns!"



When lo! looking accidentally in the room, I was as one thunderstruck. A figure clad in scarlet, with a truncheon in his hand, with looks erect, and bold demeanour, presented itself. An awful being from the invisible realms burst into my apartment. A spirit passed before my face. Astonishment seized me. My bones shivered within me. My flesh trembled all over me. My lips quaked. My mouth opened. My hands expanded. My knees knocked together. My blood grew chilly, and I froze with horror. Sudden and unexpected was the appearance of the phantom; but not such its departure. It stood still, to present itself more fully to my view. It made a solemn pause, as if preparing my mind for some momentous message, O how oppressed with fear, and rivetted with awe was I!--But collecting all my scattered spirits, re-inthroning my deposed reason, and calling my *utmost* resolution to my aid, I faintly pronounced,

‘What would thy gracious figure?’



After which a voice was heard. A voice,  
 for the importanc of its meaning, worthy  
 to be had in everlasting remembrance;  
 for the *solemnity* of its delivery, enough to  
 alarm a heart of stone. *It spoke*, and  
 this was the PURPORT of its words.

"I am great VERNON'S ghost;  
 Doom'd for a certain time to walk the earth  
 And for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,  
 Till the foul crimes done in my youth  
 Are burnt away. And but I am forbid  
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy  
 young blood,  
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from  
 their spheres,  
 Thy knotty and combined locks to part  
 And each particular hair to stand an end  
 Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine;  
 But this eternal blazon must not be  
 To ears of flesh and blood: list then! oh  
 list!

If e'er thou didst the *British* name regard,  
 If *Vernon's* fame e'er warm'd thy youthful  
     breast,  
 Or *Vernon's* courage ever fir'd thy soul,  
 O! then proclaim his rising from the grave,  
 Where his poor bones were quietly interr'd.  
 To sound, (oh hateful task) *Old England's*  
     shame. (pride,  
*Old England*, that was erst the world's just  
 The seat of honour! the fix'd throne of  
     truth, (shield,  
 Fair virtue's friend, and glory's brightest  
 Celestial freedom's guardian and support,  
 The nurse of heroes, and delight of gods,  
 But ah, how chang'd, how fall'n from thy  
     height, (down,  
 Thy tow'ring height of splendor and re-  
 How different to thy once triumphant state,  
 And what a mournful contrast dost thou  
     shew,  
 Thy honour now is sunk into the dust;  
 Thy godlike virtue chang'd to blackest vice  
 Thy grandeur metamorphos'd into shame,  
 Thy noble courage sunk to pale ey'd fear,  
 Thy freedom, godlike sound, at its last gasp

And shame to think, and torture to pronounce,  
 Thy *naval glory* by thy sons betray'd,  
 Betray'd to infamy, contempt and shame:  
 The shame of villains and contempt of fools  
 The scorn of cowards, and the jest of slaves,  
 The jest of *Gallic* slaves, who from thy ruin  
 Erect a superstructure, to affright  
 The trembling world, and awe most distant  
 realms.

From thy sad fall proud *Gallia* builds her  
 fame, (sweets  
 And as th'industrious bee extracts the  
 From diff'rent flow'rs; so from each na-  
 tion, *France*

Gulls forth its choicest treasures, to adorn  
 Her new-rais'd glory, and to blast his friends  
 Bconduct that extorts from foes applause!  
 But see the sad reverse in *Britain's* isle!  
 Behold the *British* lion is inchain'd!

Inchain'd! by whom?--Not by his foes but  
 friends;

Or rather say, by his *domestic* foes.  
 Oh melancholy thought! oh dreadful fight!  
*England* that erst reveng'd each lawless act,



That punish'd and redress'd where justice  
call'd,

Each injur'd realm's asylum and resort,  
The friend of truth, and terror of the guilt,  
Is now become the laughing-stock of all.  
She leaves religion to great *Fred'rick's* care,  
Content to let the godlike hero fight  
For justice, freedom, liberty and laws,  
While she inactive stands and views the  
strife.

But see each *British* heart elate with hope!  
Upon each dimpled cheek see joy reside!  
And floods of gladness deluge ev'ry soul.  
Here triumphs, vict'ries, ev'ry where pro-  
claim'd,

By men, boys, girls, mvids, widows, wives  
and wh--s,

Have *Britons* conquer'd then their trea-  
ch'rous foes?

Has fruitful commerce rear'd her drooping  
head?

Do liberty and freedom now rejoice,  
And triumph in their guardians, patriots,  
friends?

Is *Gaul* now humbled by the *British* arms,

And peace and virtue by its fall restor'd it  
 Alas! not so. But *Prussia's* patriot king  
 "has gain'd a battle o'er confed'rate foes."  
*Britons* could once proclaim their own great  
 deeds, (try's ruin,  
 When hosts embattled fought their coun-  
 When vast armadoes plough'd the watty  
 main.  
 And pow'rs united fill'd the martial field,  
 Then *British* pour'd destruction on their foes  
 And with the sanguine torrent dy'd the plain  
*Britons* could once too lead their own brave  
 troops,  
 To war and slaughter, victory or death.  
 But now no *Briton's* found to head their  
 arms,  
 No godlike hero *Britain* can send forth,  
 No leader's found in *Albion's* sterile isle,  
 But foreign chiefs must lead her troops to  
 war.  
 Ask ye the cause of this? See vice and fraud,  
 See d—n'd corrupters, gamesters, r—s and  
 fools,  
 Walk hand in hand and lord it over all.

F I N I S

